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A CANADIAN PICTORIAL WEEKLY.

(TRADE MARK.)

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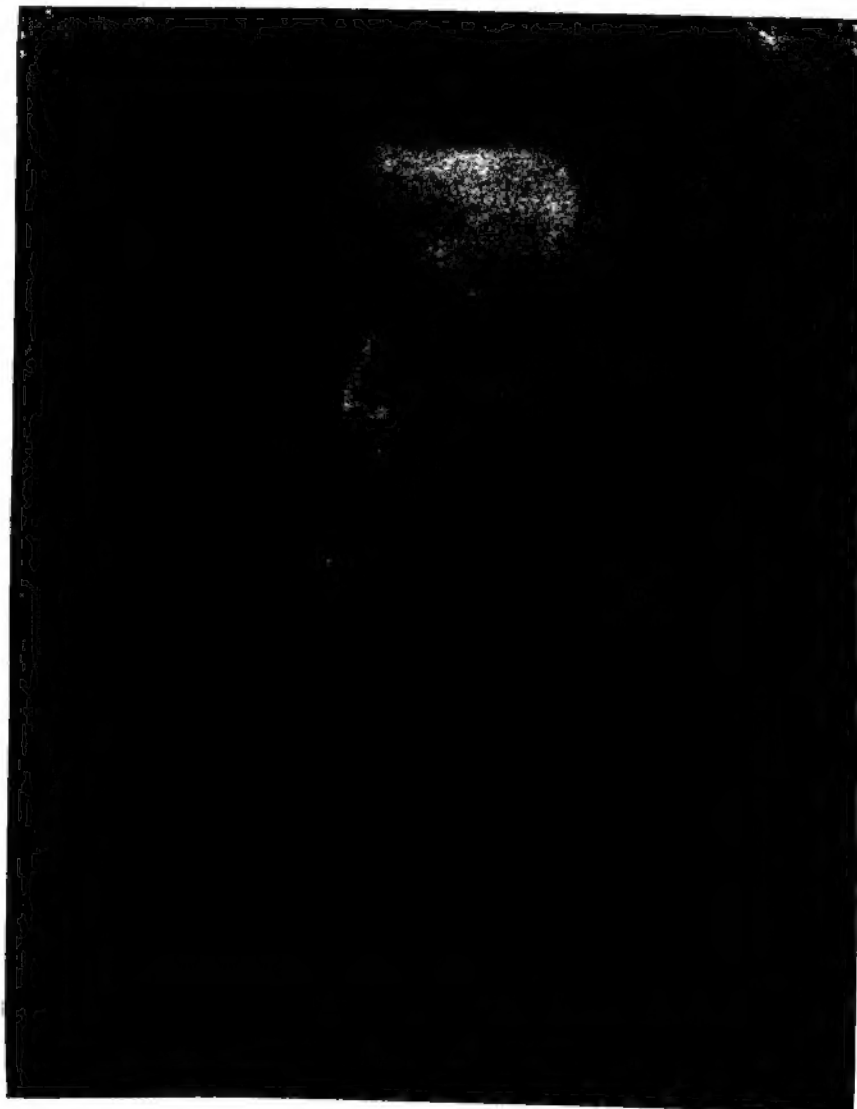
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MONTREAL AND TORONTO, 18th MAY, 1889.

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REV. DEAN CARMICHAEL, MONTREAL.
From a photo. by Notman.



REV. DR. WILD, TORONTO.
From a photo. by Dixon.



CROWS' NEST PASS AND TURTLE MOUNTAIN.

The Dominion Illustrated.

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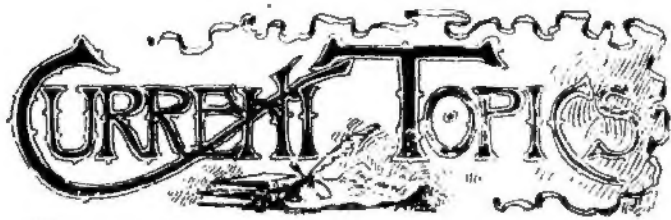
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18th MAY, 1889.



If we are to judge by the manner in which Arbor Day was commemorated during the present year, the enthusiasm which seized upon us some six or seven years ago for the conservation and renewal of our ominously thinning forests has subsided—in some places almost to the vanishing point. The Forestry Convention which was held in this city in 1882, which had been preceded by a similar gathering in the States in the previous year, certainly gave a wholesome and not unfruitful impulse to a movement which had hitherto been sporadic, undecided and feeble. The information brought within reach of the public on a topic in which every citizen was more or less deeply interested was valuable, both for its character and its extent. A special edition of one of our Montreal journals was devoted to reports of essays on every branch of the subject, in its relations to botany, to meteorology, to agriculture and to political economy. The meetings were largely attended. The public departments, the municipal authorities, the houses of education, the learned societies, the domain of art and industry, were all well represented. An annual holiday was set apart by the provincial governments for the express purpose of planting trees for use and beauty, and, above all, for example. But Arbor Day of 1889 came and went almost unobserved, even in great centres like Montreal. Was the agitation artificial? Was the alarm baseless, or, at least, exaggerated? Or did a few years of timely discipline suffice to recall those guilty of wilful or heedless waste to a sense of duty, and is the yearly lesson no longer necessary?

This is not a question to be answered in rash haste. That the forest preservation movement was not wholly without good results we have reason to believe. It served as a reminder that the seemingly "endless contiguity of shade" of our North American woods was not really inexhaustible; that some areas had already been left bare by ruthless fire and remorseless axe, and that, if some check were not applied, the day would surely come when our older provinces would be as scant of timber as the treeless prairie or the more northern zone of stunted growths. It brought home to our farmers the beauty of a few trees opportunely planted or left standing around their dwellings. It taught townspeople and villagers to cherish trees as shapes of beauty, in form and tint among the fairest sights of nature, and it led young people to study their kinds, their purposes and the effects of their presence or absence in certain circumstances. So far well. All was on the side of the promoters of forestry. But it so happened that, among the reasons especially adduced for the maintenance or renovation of forests in certain localities was their alleged influence in the determination of the climate. Floods,

plagues, droughts and other evils were ascribed to the removal of forests from certain sites, and copious instances were furnished in attestation of the correctness of the theory. Now, in Great Britain there are large proprietors of afforested land whom this theory suited exactly. Science was on their side, and those who complained of their William-the-Conqueror-like policy were flying in the face of Providence. But it would never do for men of science to be ranged against the cause of humanity. The relations of forests to climate must, therefore, be reconsidered. And now the opinion of the wise is divided, the unscientific public is left in doubt, the forestry movement languishes, and Arbor Day is only a name.

Most interesting to Canadians was the testimony so calmly given by Mr. Van Horne, president of our Pacific Railway, as to the traffic and travel by that great line. After sketching the political and financial history of the enterprise, Mr. Van Horne said that at first the road had more passengers than freight. The tea trade between Hong-Kong, Yokohama and Vancouver was sufficient to employ a line of 27,000-ton steamers. The arrangement made with the Imperial Government for a fast line that would make 17½ knots would enable the company to take passengers from London to Yokohama in 21 or 22 days, instead of 38 or 39 days, as by the Suez Canal. Questioned as to the present earnings of the road, Mr. Van Horne said that the gross receipts last year were \$13,195,535, the net earnings, \$3,870,774, which figures included the earnings of the lake steamers. As to the interstate law, the C. P. R. had conformed to its provisions. No agent had been sent south of the boundary till the Americans broke the agreement; then the C. P. R. made it hot for them till they gave in and shook hands. As to the working of the line, there was not a day in the year on which it could not be operated. Everything considered, Mr. Van Horne thought the Canadian Pacific could hold its own.

A pocket recently struck in the New Albion mines, Nova Scotia, yielded a box of quartz of extraordinary richness, and pronounced by competent judges to be the most valuable specimen ever seen in that part of the world. The mine in question is said to belong to the Hon. Mr. Annand. For some time past we have been hearing of other similar finds in the gold fields of Nova Scotia, and not long since it looked as though a regular gold "boom" were about to start in that favoured province. Meanwhile, what about the gold fields of the Province of Quebec? It is now nearly seventy years since a woman found near the mouth of the Touffé de Pins or Gilbert river, a tributary of the Chaudière, a small mass of heavy substance, which, on examination, turned out to be gold. In 1834 another woman, who was watering a horse near the same spot, saw what she thought to be a bright stone shining in the river bed, and, picking it up, she took it home with her. It was not for some time, however, that she became aware of its value. It was through Lieutenant (afterwards General) Baddeley, then serving in Canada with a detachment of Royal Engineers, that the discovery was made public in the pages of *Silliman's Journal*. The piece, which was 10.63 grs. in weight, had been chopped off a nugget that weighed 1,056 grs. The matter was, nevertheless, forgotten, and it was not till after the establishment of the Geological Survey that the auriferous region of Beauce was shown to be of economic importance. In 1846, M. de Lery obtained from the Crown the exclusive

right of gold mining within the limits of his seignory. He had the district explored soon after, but, unwilling to take the risk of working it, he leased his rights to the Chaudière Mining Company. Several other companies were formed later on, but the system in vogue was hardly in any case such as to really test the natural wealth of the Quebec gold-fields. Even since Confederation, though the business of developing this fairly extensive gold-producing area has never been altogether intermitted, it has never been pushed with such determination, with such employment of all available facilities, as to make the undertaking as profitable as, under favourable conditions, it could undoubtedly be made.

We received, some time ago, a pamphlet on a subject of no slight importance to the general travelling public—that of colour-blindness in railway employees. The question has been the theme of much discussion in recent years, but the importance of this little treatise consists in its practical application to the Dominion. The author, Dr. G. Sterling Ryerson, L.R.C.S., has not only studied with care all the works of preceding writers on the subject, but has made a special investigation on his own account among the employees of our lines of railway, the condition of whose sight would seriously affect the discharge of their duties—such as drivers, foremen, pointsmen, conductors, signalmen and station-masters. It is the rule that all such persons should, on applying for situations, be subjected to thorough tests, as to their faculty of colour discrimination, before being entrusted with the charge of human life. It is rather alarming to be told by Dr. Ryerson that the results of his examinations were not satisfactory, that, in fact, there is much room for improvement. It is to be hoped that the implied warning will not pass unutilized by those whom, in the first place, it concerns. This is a matter on which the public should have the fullest assurance that nothing has been omitted which would leave its safety open to the slightest question.

In connection with our dairy interests, to which we referred at some length in a recent issue, we would express the hope that the proposal to place the entire industry under the supervision of a special and duly appointed commissioner—a proposal which seemed to meet with the approval of the dairymen who met at the Ottawa convention—will, ere long, be carried into effect. How much good can be accomplished by proper organization we tried to show in our recent article. In fact, it is to organized effort that we owe the grand advance in cheese production and export that has been witnessed during the last few years. But for the disturbance of old routine methods, the discussion of improvements in the choice and treatment of cattle, in the supply of fodder, in the making and handling of cheese, and in putting it on the market, the surprising results to which we were happy to call attention could not have been secured. The inauguration of a herd-book alone is a great victory, though it came late. But much still remains to do. Canadian butter must be brought up to the standard of our cheese and the wheels of progress must not be allowed to stand still. A dairy commissioner, if the right man were chosen—such a man as Mr. W. H. Lynch, for instance—could, by giving his entire attention to dairy industries, impart force and direction to the enterprise of our farmers, and turn the possibilities of improvement and extension to the very best account.

In this issue our readers will find the second instalment of Mrs. Spragge's delightful and instructive

series of letters on British Columbia, with her own clever illustrations. The first of these bright original sketches appeared in our issue of the 20th of April (No. 42), and we would just suggest to our readers who are not regular subscribers that they will do well to preserve all these contributions. We would also take the opportunity of remarking that, owing to the proof not having been submitted to Mrs. Spragge, a typographical error or two somewhat altered the sense from what the writer intended to convey. For instance, in the sentence: "We had, therefore, to fall upon our own house-work, and my husband, owing to the fact that he had acquired a great reputation in the country from long experience in the Northwest, in a *lumber* establishment, was unanimously chosen cook," the word "*lumber*" should have been "*bachelor*."

OUR ETHNOLOGY.

Mr. Sandford Fleming, C.M.G., chose for the subject of his presidential address before the Royal Society, a subject to which slight allusion was made in our last number—the common origin of both the great sections of our population. Though Gaul and Britain have long been neighbours, both the French and the English are comparatively modern peoples. At one time both Britain and Gaul, with a large portion of the adjacent continent, were inhabited by tribes of Celtic race and speech. In the generations preceding the Christian era, Gaul was reduced to subjection by Rome, and the Roman invasion of Britain prepared the way for a subsequent occupation of some four centuries. The presence of the civilized conquerors had a more marked effect on the mainland where intercourse between colony and metropolis was more frequent, cities were more numerous and the civilization of the world's mistress was more readily adopted, than in the then remote island. The Celts of Gaul learned to speak Latin, and, in a modified form, Latin is still the national tongue. The inroads of the Franks, though Gaul was destined to make their tribal name her national designation, produced no appreciable change in the Gaulish Latin tongue. That the Teutonic admixture affected the people physically and morally is evident to any one who compares northern with southern France. In Britain the Saxons and the Angles played the same part—only more thoroughly—in modifying the Celtic and Roman elements. The fact that where they prevailed Celtic speech declined and disappeared created the impression, now known to be wrong, that the Celts had no representation at all in the present population of England. Indeed, not only is the Celtic element, but the pre-Celtic element also, recognizable in districts which are deemed strongholds of Anglo-Saxon predominance. That the Celts have left powerful remnants, virtually pure of blood, in Wales, Cornwall, north and west Scotland, south and west Ireland and the Isle of Man, in all of which centres, save Cornwall, Celtic speech still survives, it is almost needless to remind our readers. Just the same survival is to be found in Brittany, across the channel.

The Norman Conquest is generally considered the chief—it is sometimes spoken of, indeed, as if it were the only—bond of race between the people of France and the people of England. It is certainly a very important one, especially to the insular side of the relationship, for it is to the tongue brought over by the gallicized Norsemen of Duke William that our English language is largely indebted for its literary grace, copiousness and flexibility. How

Gaul came to speak what is called French, Britain what is called English, are seeming anomalies at which we can only glance. What is of special interest to us in Canada is that the two nations of which these languages have come to be regarded as representative and characteristic are compounded, though in different proportions, of the same pre-Celtic, Celtic, Roman, Teutonic and Scandinavian constituents.

But, when we have ascertained that important fact—that the two main sections of our population are in the last resort derived from just the same racial elements—we are only at the threshold of the inquiry into our complex ethnology. On the French-speaking side, indeed, we have a mass of information unexampled in the history of nations. Mgr. Tanguay's great work is the *libro d'oro* of a people. By means of it we can take the map of France and say: "Here at Ploermel, at Dinan, at Nogent, or away north at Cambrai, there lived in the 17th century a family from a scion of which are descended all the thousands of the same name in Canada and the United States to-day." Perhaps we may be able to follow up that family history to a remoter date—some of our Canadian noblesse could trace their ancestry to the crusaders; some of them have even gone back to Charlemagne. But what concerns us is that we can learn whence they came and what of physical, intellectual and moral vigour they brought with them for the building up of the new nationality. Now, with the exception of the Loyalists and some leading families that came direct from the old land, we have no such facilities for studying the *origines* of the English speaking colonists. Of some immigrations, indeed, we may gather that they were mainly from the Orkneys, from Skye, from the West Highlands, from Donegal, from Yorkshire or from Cornwall, but of the original homes of the vast stream of new-comers that spread over the land from 1815 till to-day we have but vague and scattered indications. We are better informed when the influx is from outside of British territory—from Iceland, from Norway, from Germany, Hungary, Roumania, Russia—the peculiar circumstances in such cases generally prompting inquiry as to the previous whereabouts of the settlers. Now it is only when a fair amount of knowledge has been collected—both as to the non-Loyalist element in the gradual growth of our population until 1815, and as to the general immigration since then, that we can speak with anything like certainty on the subject of our ethnology. An immigration nominally Irish may be German or French—as, in fact, we know to have been the case when homes were found on this continent for the Irish Palatines and Huguenots. Districts in western Ireland are largely Spanish, and such instances might be multiplied. Even the so-called Russian settlers of the North-West are really of German descent; the Roumanian immigrants largely Jewish. Then there is the question of racial intermarriage of which the census takes no account, and as to the extent of which, save among our higher families, we are in the dark. What can be more interesting than the fact, revealed by Miss Alice Baker's researches, that one of the greatest of the French-Canadian prelates—Bishop Plessis—was of New England stock? In fine, our Canadian ethnology is—apart from our aborigines, whose affinities constitute a distinct question—a field the cultivation of which might profitably engage the spare energies of a large number of inquirers all over the Dominion, and we thank Mr. Fleming for directing attention to it.

AUSTRALIA.

PROGRESS, PEOPLE AND POLITICS.

PART VI.

Intimately connected with the life of the miner, already alluded to, is the liquor question. The law in some of the countries is very lax in this respect, and drinking is everywhere common. Fourteen thousand persons were arrested in Victoria for drunkenness in 1886. Mr. Finch-Hatton describes the bush public houses of Queensland as follows: "The most violent poisons are habitually used to adulterate the liquor sold and to an extent which renders a very moderate consumption sufficient to destroy life," and adds further: "I have seen a strong sober man driven perfectly mad for the time being by two glasses of so-called rum given to him at one of these shanties. Though not having the slightest appearance of being drunk, all the evidence went to prove that he was poisoned, and he did not recover for a fortnight. The same writer makes a statement almost beyond belief when he says that no habitué of a Queensland town who wishes to find a business man ever goes to look for him first in his office. If he knows the run of the town, he will start the reverse way around the various public houses, and if this process fails to discover the object of his search, he will then go to his office, in hopes of finding him before he starts again on his rounds. Whether this may be considered an exaggeration or not, there can be no doubt that treating is carried to extremes and is a fruitful source of drunkenness.

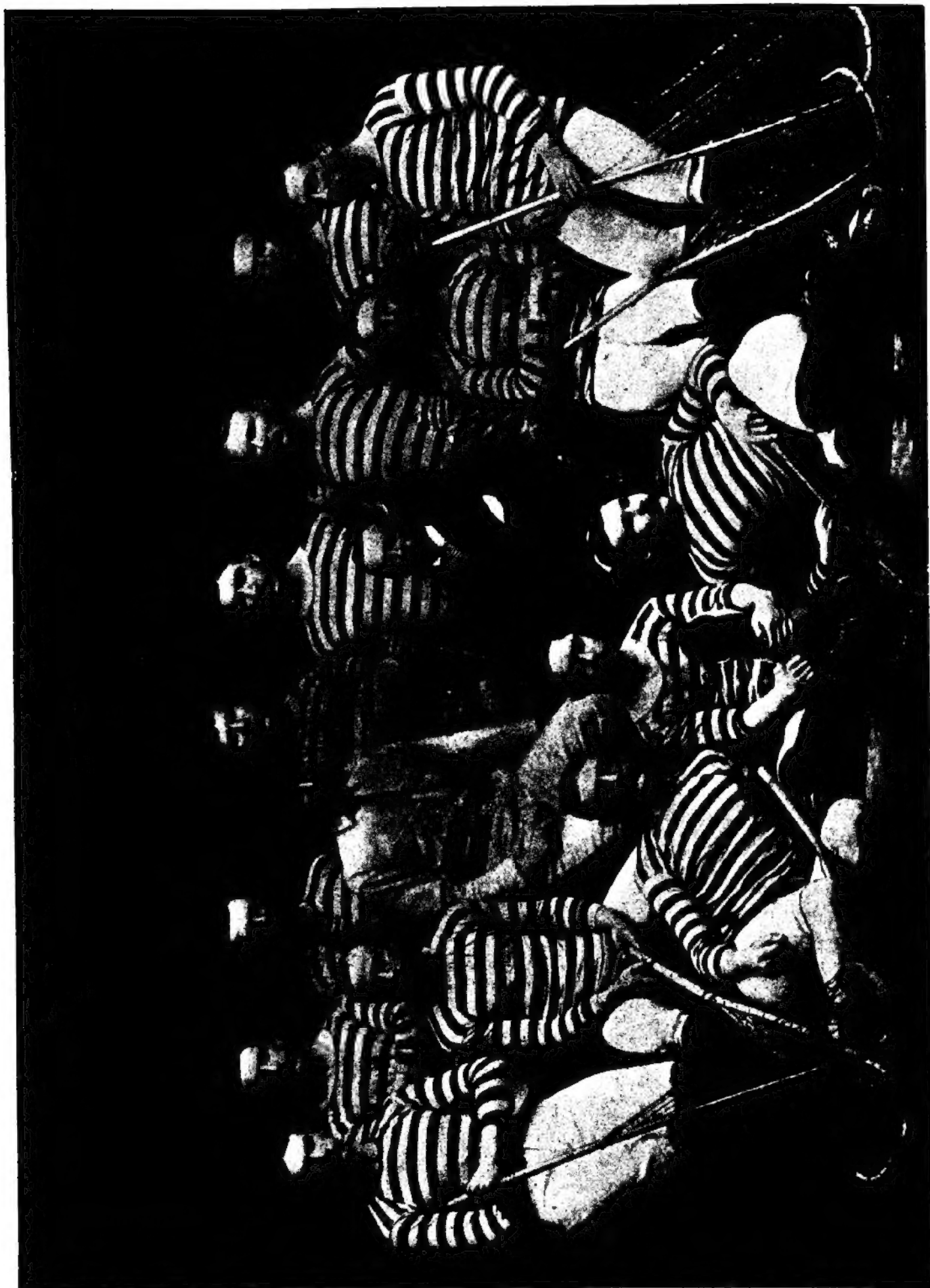
Mr. Froude, in one of his works, gives an incident of Australian mining life which seems to me to present one of the saddest pen-pictures ever drawn. The reader is asked to imagine a once cultured officer of the Royal Navy lying on a pallet in a dirty tent, near a place where the incessant search for gold is going on. He is seriously ill and is surrounded by a crowd of boon companions and sympathizers, all drinking heavily from a large pannikin of rum, and every now and then forcing the sick man, in a spirit of drunken friendliness, to take a drink himself. Finally, in the course of their revelry, they insist on their companion singing to them. Leaning on his arm, with death plainly stamped on his brow, he sang with a pathos and power which partially sobered even the drunken crowd around him and impressed them in a manner they never forgot. The first and last verses were as follows and perhaps only too truly and vividly pictured his own sad career:

Who cares for nothing alone is free,
Sit down, good fellow, and drink with me;
With a careless heart and a merry eye
He will laugh at the world, as the world goes by;
He laughs at power and wealth and fame,
He laughs at virtue, he laughs at shame,
He laughs at hope and he laughs at fear
And at memories' dead leaves, crisp and sear."

I cannot see you—the end is nigh;
But we'll drink together before I die.
Thro' awful chasms I plunge and fall.
Your hand, good fellow. I die; that's all.

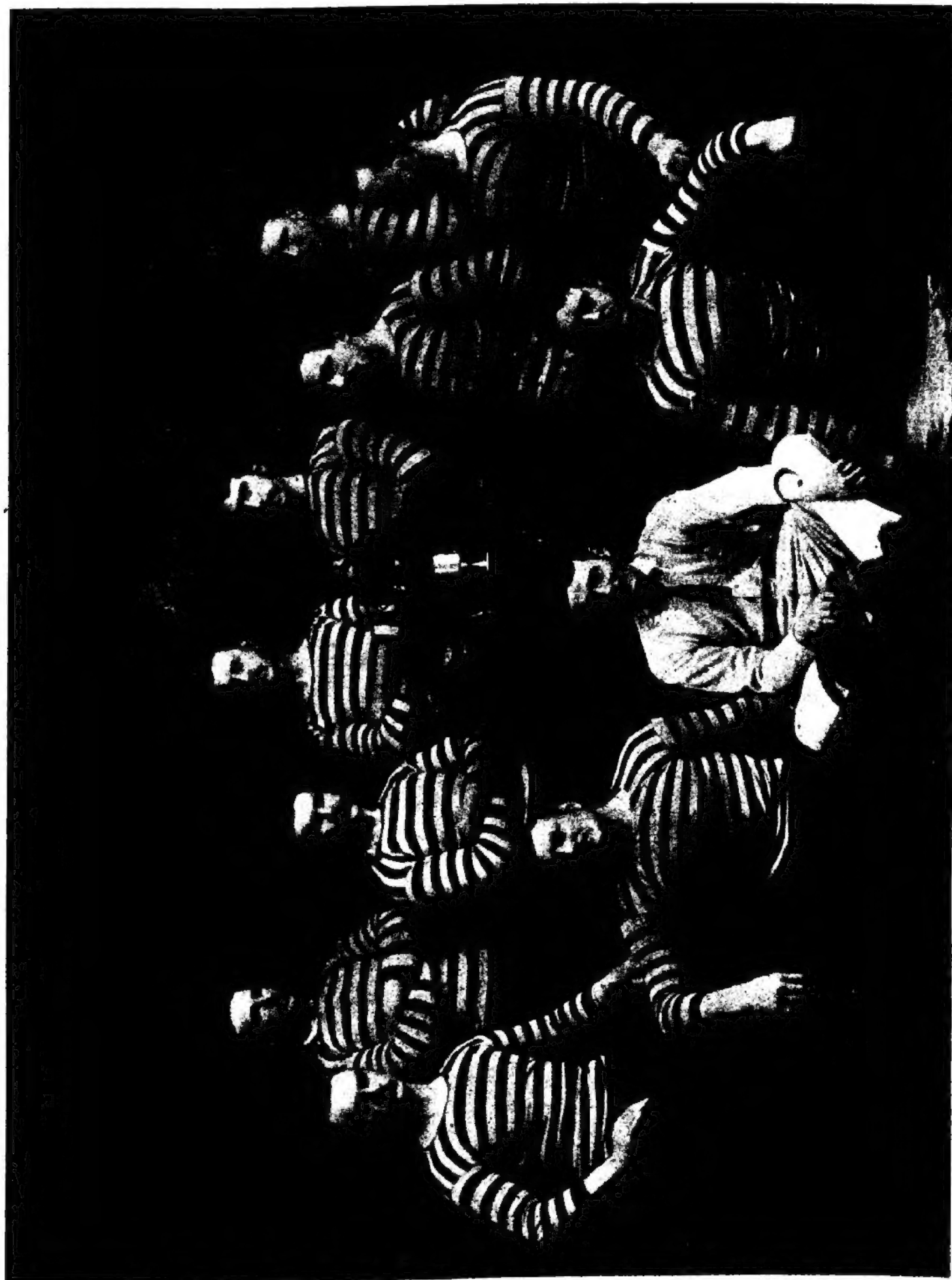
With the end of the last verse he sank back exhausted and in a short time was dead. Throughout Australia the principles of prohibition would seem to have taken but little hold upon the people, and effective temperance legislation is still a matter of the distant future, although in Victoria the license laws press somewhat heavily upon the liquor seller.

The aborigines of Australia are a theme of considerable interest. Higher in the scale than the Digger Indians, the bushmen of Africa, or the natives of many of the Pacific islands, they are still very degraded intellectually and physically, and are as a people gradually dying out, before the steady onward march of a superior race. They are prone, in common with other races in a similar position, to catch the vices of the white man, without acquiring his virtues. Many individual natives, however, are exceedingly fine specimens of humanity and possess great muscular strength. In swimming, diving, climbing trees, they are a match for any man under the sun, and are also very proficient in running and jumping. Throwing the boomerang is an unique custom peculiar to themselves. In acquiring what too often prove to be the rudiments of civilization, such as drinking, lying and thieving, the black fel-



THE THISTLE CLUB LACROSSE TEAM, QUEBEC.

From a photo. by Livernais.



THE THISTLE CLUB TUG-OF-WAR TEAM, QUEBEC.

From a photo. by Livernols.

lows, as they are called, are very apt pupils. Their religious creed is very simple and is said to be summed up in the phrase: "Directly me die, me jump up white feller," while their sense of the ludicrous is exceedingly strong.

The objects of interest and of beauty in Australia are many, the most prominent to a visitor being, perhaps, the public gardens. They are said to be the loveliest in the world, and no cost is spared in retaining the services of the most eminent horticulturists, ornament being considered more than profit and flowers than fruit trees. In the Adelaide Gardens trees from all parts of the world are gathered together, many of the rarest kinds, while the flowers with which other countries are familiar as exotics, here luxuriate as in their natural home. The Oleander towers and spreads in pink pale glory; the crimson hibiscus glows amongst the bananas. Passion flowers, blue, purple and scarlet, hang in careless festoons among the branches. The air is laden with perfume. Every variety of flower, shrub and tree may be seen, while avenues of dense evergreens invite the weary wayfarer to shade and rest.

The situation of the Sydney Gardens gives them an almost inconceivable charm. The ground slopes from the city to the sea, with inclining leaves, flower beds and an endless variety of tropical flora. Tall Norfolk Island pines tower darkly upwards, and grand walks wind for miles among continually varying landscapes which are framed by the openings in the foliage of the perfumed shrubs.

The Eucalyptus (gum-tree) bush of Australia is very interesting to travellers, and most of them see far more than they desire of it. Mile after mile, day after day, you ride on through the forest, with a tree, on an average, every ten yards. If you keep in the valleys, you see nothing but trees; if you climb up a mountain, you see nothing but—more trees. It is easy after such an experience to realize the terrible madness that comes over one who is lost in the bush; and indeed it seems almost incredible how any one can find his way about or know exactly where he is. As a matter of fact, Burke and Mills, the well-known explorers, perished of hunger within a few miles of their plant of provisions. It is said there is one thing a man must speedily learn who is riding through the bush, and that is, however fast he may be going, and however thick the timber may be, never to attempt to guide his horse clear of the trees. The way in which an old stock-horse shaves the trees with just a couple of inches to spare, at racing speed, is sufficient to make the hair of an inexperienced rider stand erect with terror.

But it is not alone in finding his way through pathless forest, that the native Australian shows his remarkable memory. It is stated that the stockmen (and it seems almost beyond belief) who may have 12,000 cattle to look after, ranging over some 400 square miles of country, and being added to at the rate of 3,000 head a year, know them everyone by sight, and can even remember the most of those which they may have seen during the preceding ten years.

Amongst the most dangerous of the trials which these hardy pioneers, in what may be called the backwoods of Australia, have to encounter are the poisonous snakes and reptiles. There are in particular five kinds of snakes, all more or less deadly, and some reaching the length of nine or ten feet. It is said that the death-adder's sting is fatal, as no antidote has yet been found. A small black spider, about the size of a pea, with a brilliant crimson spot on its back, is also well known, its bite causing the most intense agony, and, if not fatal, often resulting in paralysis or insanity.

Toronto.

J. CASTELL HOPKINS.

The Society of Medallists has awarded its first prize of £25 to Mr. H. Fehr for a model of a medal commemorating the defeat of the Spanish Armada, having on the obverse a bust of Queen Elizabeth, and on the reverse St. George slaying a winged figure, symbolical of the Armada, and surrounded by other figures representing Fame and Eolus. The second prize of £10 was awarded to Mrs. Vereker Hamilton for a medal bearing on the obverse a portrait of Captain J. Montith Hamilton, and on the reverse a hunter carrying stags' heads in a basket. These medals and a selection of others included in the competition will be exhibited, by kind permission of the directors, at the new Gallery, Regent street, during the summer exhibition.



THE VERY DEAN CARMICHAEL, M.A., D.C.L.—This distinguished clergyman, whose portrait we present to our readers in the present number of the DOMINION ILLUSTRATED, was born and partly educated in Dublin. Having studied theology, he was admitted successively to deacon's and priest's orders by the late Dr. Benjamin Cronyn, Bishop of Huron. His first charge was to the rectory of Clinton, Ont., where his eminent abilities as a preacher were early recognized. When Dr. Sullivan, now Bishop of Algoma, and for some years assistant minister of St. George's Church, Montreal, was, in 1870, induced to resign the latter position, in order to accept the charge of an important congregation in Chicago, the Rev. Mr. Carmichael was invited to fill the vacancy in Montreal. His eloquence, earnestness and pastoral assiduity quickly won the respect, his amiability and geniality the affection of all who came in contact with him in his new sphere of labour. In the pulpit he spoke with a power that impressed the minds and with a sympathy that gained the hearts of his hearers. In the Sunday-school he exercised a supervision which bore fruit in constant increase, till, in the training of the young, St. George's took the lead in Montreal. Under Mr. Carmichael's fostering the Young Men's Association grew into a most helpful agency in connection with the mission work of St. George's, and, morally and intellectually, became one of the most fruitful organizations of its kind in the Canadian Church. Temperance reform was one of the special features of social helpfulness to which Mr. Carmichael gave his energies, and in the crusade against the crying evil of our time he has had a most active and successful share. He was among the first of the clergymen of his own communion to take a decided stand on the side of total abstinence. It was with sincere regret that his many friends, not only in his own parish and communion, but in the general society of the city, learned his decision to leave Montreal, when he assumed control, as rector, of the important Church of the Ascension, Hamilton; and when Dr. Sullivan, who had returned to his old congregation in 1879, on Dr. Bond's election and consecration as Bishop of Montreal, accepted three years later the responsibilities of the Missionary Diocese of Algoma, the people of St. George's lost no time in asking Canon Carmichael to take the vacant pastoral charge. As Rector of St. George's and Dean of Montreal, Dr. Carmichael occupies a position of leadership in the Anglican Church and the Protestant community of this great city for which he is admirably adapted. Taking part in all good movements, a devotee of science, a man of letters, an effective platform speaker, an interesting and instructive lecturer, Dean Carmichael is as fine a type of his class as the Anglican Church in Canada or anywhere can produce. Of his published writings some are exegetic, as his treatise on the Prayer-book; some controversial, as his pamphlet on the Plymouth Brethren; some touch on the supposed conflict between religion and science, as his able criticism of the evolution theory, entitled "Design and Darwinism." He has contributed some valuable essays to the magazines and has some right to the title of *alumnus musarum*. His lectures, which are always worth listening to, cover a wide range—history, biography, literary criticism, science. For some years past the Dean has devoted much study, thought and effort to the reconciling of the three chief Protestant churches—the Presbyterian, the Methodist and his own. He published his views in a learned and lucid exposition of the main points of agreement under the title of "Organic Unity of Christian Churches." This volume, which has reached a second edition, was not only well received, but has not been without practical results; for it can hardly be doubted that the recent convention at Toronto, to which Dean Carmichael was a delegate, was inspired, in part, at least, by the arguments and tone of his *circumlocution*. "Blessed are the peacemakers."

THE REV. JOSEPH WILD, M.A., D.D.—On another page our readers will find a portrait of the Rev. Dr. Wild, of Toronto, who is probably one of the most widely known of Canadian clergymen. "The Talmage of Canada," as he has been called, was born at Summit, Lancashire, England, on November 16, 1834, and was the youngest of five children. His father, the Rev. Joseph Wild, was a stalwart Christian of the old type, while his mother was instrumental in influencing her son to adopt the ministry. In 1855 Dr. Wild left England, landing at New York with no friends to meet him and but little money in his pocket. Visiting Canada, he decided to remain here, attaching himself to the Methodist Episcopal Church, Hamilton being his first preaching station. After a year's service there he attended the Boston Theological Institute, where he remained several years. Returning to Canada he occupied pulpits at Goderich, Orono and Belleville. At this latter place he filled the chair of Oriental languages in Albert University, and by lecturing and otherwise raised \$20,000 in aid of that institution. In 1872 he accepted a call to the Union Congregational Church, Toronto. His success during his thirty years of the ministry has been exceptional. For eight years his capacious church in Toronto, which holds nearly 2,500, has been far too small to contain the crowds that surge around the entrance on Sunday evenings. His sermons are read around the world, being printed *verbatim* in the *Canadian Advance*. He thus preaches to a very large audience, scattered over every continent of the globe.

Four volumes of his sermons have been issued which have had a large sale. His success lies in the fact that he strongly believes what he preaches; that he is liberal and broad-minded in his views, and that he keeps abreast of the times by dealing with current events from a Christian and a biblical standpoint. As a speaker he is eloquent by reason of his splendid voice, his readiness of speech, and the directness and force with which he puts his arguments. He is certainly one of the most influential and successful preachers of the Gospel in Canada to-day and a good specimen of a "self-made man."—*Com.*

CROWS' NEST PASS, TURTLE MOUNTAIN.—This is a fine view of that border scenery of which Dr. G. M. Dawson gives us so many striking glimpses in his "Report of the Geology and Resources of the Region in the Vicinity of the 49th Parallel from the Lake of the Woods to the Rocky Mountain." Of the chief feature in our engraving Dr. Dawson says: "Turtle Mountain . . . is a broken, hilly, wooded region, with an area of perhaps twenty miles square, and slopes gradually upwards from the plain around it, above which it is elevated at its highest points about 500 feet. It appears to be the culmination westward of the hilly drift region, and forms a prominent object when viewed across the eastern prairie from the contrasting sombre tint of the foliage of its woods. From the west it can be seen from a distance of forty-five miles, and when thus viewed has really much the general outline of the turtle shell. It is bisected by the 49th parallel." Again: "Forming, as it does, a more or less thickly wooded area, which may be estimated at over 300 square miles, it cannot but be a valuable nucleus for the utilization of the surrounding treeless plains, serving as a supply of fuel and building material, and as a refuge for wintering stock which during the summer has been herded at large over the prairie. Though the elevated and broken area of the mountain is pretty nearly equally divided by the line, the northern half is more uniformly covered with woods and probably embraces two-thirds of the forest area." This latter portion receives a more abundant rainfall than that of the surrounding country, and much of it consists of good soil well fitted for agriculture. The mountain is not without historic associations, having been the headquarters of the Sioux who took refuge on Canadian territory after the Minnesota massacre. The peculiar configuration and colour patterning to which the mountain owes its name are well brought out in the picture. The ruins of the buffalo of past generations may still be seen between the mountain and the Pembina river. The water of the ponds is generally sweet. The wood is chiefly poplar and the tendency of the forest to reclothe itself is shown by thickets of the seedlings of that tree. The pass may be identified without difficulty.

THISTLE LACROSSE CLUB TEAM, QUEBEC.—This club is one of the oldest lacrosse clubs in the Dominion, and some of the finest exponents of the game in Canada to-day have been recruited from its ranks. Among these are "Joe" Kent, "Jack" Burke, "Ned" Burns, "Billy" Anderson, "Jim" Hunter, the Kennedys and a host of others. It is due entirely to the Thistle's energy and persistent endeavours that athletic sport has been kept going at all in the Ancient Capital, and the fine grounds of the club on Grande Allée are a monument to the enterprise and pluck of its members.

THISTLE TUG-OF-WAR TEAM, QUEBEC.—Though averaging a little over 155 pounds, this fine team can claim, among its achievements, the victory over the famous St. Louis Lacrosse Club team in a pull on the turf. The Thistle, nevertheless, suffered defeat at the hands of the same rival in a pull on cleats last winter, owing, it is alleged, to a misinterpretation of the rules—the Thistle, having practised standing erect till the word "go" was given, whereas the St. Louis, being well set down, secured, by superior strength, an advantage in the drop of over 15 inches. This, however, the Thistles reduced to 1½ inches before the expiry of the time limit. Immediately afterwards the St. Louis was re-challenged by the Thistle, but the latter declined to pull and so forfeited the championship of the district by default. That proud distinction is now held by the Thistle team.

THE CANOE ASSOCIATION'S MEET AND CAMP, HORSE-SHOE ISLAND, LAKE Couchiching, NEAR ORILLIA.—Perhaps there is no sport that is becoming more popular and furnishes better exercise than that of canoeing. At the present time it is only in its infancy, but it is a healthy and promising infancy. Ever since McGregor cruised in the famous "Rob Roy," canoeists in Canada as elsewhere have continued to increase in number, and now there is not a town or city of any importance in the Dominion or the United States which has not its canoe club. The American Canoe Association consists of four divisions—the Northern (which meets in Canada), the Atlantic, the Eastern and the Central. In all there are over two thousand members. The Western Association, which did much toward promoting the sport, and meets at Ballast Island, near Cleveland, is a distinct association. It has fine meets at which "pot-hunters" find some capital prizes. The Toronto Canoe Club, an engraving of which can be seen on another page, was organized about six years ago. Its membership was very small at first and there were but three canoes. Mr. Hugh Neilson, the club's first commander, was elected three years in succession. The club house was not up to the mark until two years ago, when they bought two water lots and erected a handsome club house, costing over \$4,000. To-day the club has a membership of over a hundred and there are about seventy-five canoes. Two of the fastest sailing canoes in Canada belong to the and whose paddlers have yet to be beaten. There are several photo-

graphers in the club, all amateurs, foremost among whom are Mr. Hugh Neilson and Mr. Forbes. The members are all true canoeists who follow the pursuit for love of it. To pass the long winter evenings a snowshoe club was organized, the members of which are all canoeists, and three evenings of the week in winter twenty or thirty merry fellows respond to the call of "Up! up! up!" as they wend their way among the many pretty hills and vales that surround Toronto. The following are the officers: President, W. B. Raymond; Whipper-in, A. Shaw; Secretary, H. C. McLean.

WA-WA.

THE TORONTO CANOE CLUB, LAKE Couchiching.—At the meet of the Northern Division of the American Canoe Association, held at Lake Couchiching last August, the Toronto Club was very successful, carrying off nearly all the prizes. The following was the result: Novices' sailing race, for those who never sailed in an A.C.A. race before 1888—F. Goodwin, Lindsay, canoe Manita, 1st; Hugh C. McLean, Toronto, canoe Wa-wa, 2nd; E. Easton, Lindsay, canoe Comet, 3rd. The course was three miles. The special sailing race for all classes of canoes over a course four and a half miles, time limit two hours, was won by W. G. McKendrick, Toronto, canoe Mac; D. B. Jaques, Toronto, canoe Hyla, 2nd; H. F. McKendrick, Ubuque, canoe Chum, 3rd; Colin Fraser, Toronto, canoe Una, 4th; George Sparrow, Toronto, canoe Petrel, 5th. Twenty started. Sailing race, with centreboards, 3 miles, 16 entries. D. B. Jaques, Hyla, T.C.C., 1st; W. G. McKendrick, Mac, T.C.C., 2nd; H. McKendrick, Chum, U.C.C., 3rd; F. Goodwin, Manita, Lindsay C.C., 4th; W. S. Lister, Ca Ira, Lakefield C.C., 5th; S. Britain, Aurora, Lindsay C.C., 6th; F. K. Fee, Arrow, Lindsay C.C., 7th. Sailing race, without centreboards, three miles, three entries—Colin Fraser, Una, T.C.C. and U.C.C., 1st; H. C. McLean, Wa-Wa, T.C.C., 2nd; J. D. Kelly, Irene, T.C.C., 3rd. The race sailed for Mayor Thompson's challenge cup was won by A. Mason, canoe Ceccebe, the other 16 contestants either retiring or being upset. The T.C.C. was well represented at the meet, among those present being: J. L. Keer, Commander, Ada; D. B. Jaques, Vic.-Com., Hyla; W. J. MacKendrick, Rear-Com., Mac; A. Shaw, Sec.-Treas., Vic.; R. Tyson, Isabel; A. H. Mason, Ceccebe; George Sparrow, Petrel; W. A. Cooke, Waniska; Henry Wright, Sheila; A. M. Rice, Dixie; J. Jephcott, Clytic; W. Jephcott; J. D. Kelly, Irene; H. L. Knowles; Dr. Powell, Prudence; Colin Fraser, Una; and H. C. McLean, Wa-Wa.

CHOPPER'S CAMP IN SPRUCE BUSH, SOUTH OF CARRERY, MANITOBA.—The opinion that still largely prevails in Eastern Canada that Manitoba and the region adjoining it suffer from an almost total absence of timber is not based on the accounts of those who, like Professor Macoun and Dr. G. M. Dawson, have made a careful scientific survey of the country. Of course, there are no thickly-grown far-extending forests such as we have been accustomed to in the older provinces and no efforts should be spared to grow timber where it can be grown, so as to make provision for the future. But, as we learn from Macoun's "Manitoba and the Great Northwest," tamarac, white spruce, Banksian pine, white pine and white cedar are met with in greater or less quantities, and for such purposes as house-building, fence posts, railroad ties, bridge construction, there is a fair supply along the line of the Canadian Pacific Railway. Of the varieties of spruce peculiar to the region, Professor Macoun writes: "White spruce (*Abies alba*) may be considered the most important tree throughout the Northwest. Neither its habit nor habitat are in accord with Eastern ideas. In its northern home it is a stately tree, rising, with little diminution in size, to the height of 100 feet, and often having a diameter of nearly four feet. It is no uncommon occurrence to see fifty trees to an acre, averaging thirty inches in diameter. Its habitat, instead of being on sand or in wet swamps, is always on the mossy sloping bank, or side-hill, or on the alluvial flats along a river." Of the black spruce, he says that it is an important tree. And he adds: "It is a curious fact that the writer never saw this species a foot in diameter in any part of Ontario, but after passing north of lat. 54° it was found nearly three feet in diameter south of Green Lake. As this is certainly the most northern species of fir, it is thought that the spruce forests north of lat. 57° may be composed exclusively of this tree. In Ontario it loves the deep, cool, peaty swamps, but west of Prince Albert it leaves the bogs and is found on dry but mossy ground. Among the other trees of which Prof. Macoun writes in his comprehensive work are the Poplars of the Balsam (*Populus balsamifera*), Aspen (*Populus tremuloides*) and Cottonwood (*Populus monilifera*) varieties. Spruce and poplar forests are found together, especially on mountain slopes, and spruce trees of 42 inches in diameter have been reported. Our engraving, which is from a capital photograph by Mr. Davidson, of Carberry, gives both in the standing timber and in the shanty fair evidence that at least one district has not suffered from any marked dearth. The group is also noteworthy as characteristic of Manitoba's bone and sinew.

ON THE BEACH. This is the reproduction of one of the finest canvases of W. Kray, an artist whose sympathy with nature in her various moods and power of expressing what is most tender and pathetic in human emotion are alike evident in his work. We may find a contrast in the happy contentment and utter confidence of the child smiling up from his wicker cot into the face of his young mother—both of a sea-faring breed, doubtless—and the many-voiced threat of the long waves. But the moan that sounds in their ears suggests no sorrow to the loving pair. The present is theirs, with its joys of life, its free fresh air, salt-laden, and a simple wholesome philosophy to which poverty is not

necessarily sordid. Such Thetis, such Achilles, have the secret that keeps the world moving from generation to generation. The clouds may darken by and by, the floods lift up their voices, and anxiety and dread invade the bliss of faith and love, but for the present life's "sea of troubles" has no terrors, and, as for the future, sufficient to the day is the evil thereof.

RED AND BLUE PENCIL.

The Rev. David C. Moore, rector of Albion Mines, Stellarton, N.S., and rural dean, sends us the following interesting communication:

To the Editor of the DOMINION ILLUSTRATED:

SIR,—Under the heading of "Red and Blue Pencil," April 27, you speak of the death of the Poet Shelley: "A storm came on and the boat was upset." But how? You further say: "In Trelawny's 'Records' the burning and the rescue of the boat from the flames are described." Trelawny's name is thus connected with the death. In the winter of 1882-3 I was at Lerici and at Shelley's house and was speaking of the fact over the dinner at the *table d'hôte* at the Croce di Malta at Spezzia, where I was staying. My *vis-a-vis* happened to be Sir Charles Goring, whose mother was the daughter of a kind friend of my boyhood, Colonel John Harvey of Thorpe, next Norwich. After dinner Sir Charles told me that his mother had married (the second time) E. Trelawny, Esq., and that when one of his half-sisters was in Italy (a few years before) she had been called to the deathbed of an old Italian boatman, who, having heard that a Trelawny was at Spezzia, availed himself of the opportunity of making a confession—viz., that the "Don Juan" was not upset accidentally, but purposely, for the purpose of plunder. This curious story Sir Charles did not say whether he believed in or no; he merely gave it as his step-sister gave it to him. I am sorry to say Sir Charles died in November, 1884, so that I cannot appeal to him; but I give the story, as I think it too curious to be altogether lost.

Stellarton, N.S.

DAVID C. MOORE.

In the volume on "Shelley," by John Addington Symonds, in the "English Men of Letters" series, edited by John Morley, we find just a hint of the possibility of foul play. "In fact," writes Mr. Symonds, in describing Trelawny's perplexity, soon to be changed into consternation, "though Trelawny could not then be absolutely sure of the catastrophe, she had sunk, struck in all probability by the prow of a felucca, but whether by accident or with the intention of running her down is still uncertain." If the story which Sir Charles Goring told to Mr. Moore be accepted as based on fact, the darkness of a still deeper tragedy overhangs poor Shelley's fate.

Before me, as I write, there is a portrait of Edward John Trelawny, as he appeared a few years before his death in 1881. It is an engraving of Millais' famous painting, "The Northwest Passage"—an engraving familiar, doubtless, to some readers of the DOMINION ILLUSTRATED. The scene represents a simply-furnished sitting-room, in which two figures are seated. One is that of a young girl who is reading a narrative in which her companion, clad in a style that suggests a sea-faring life, is evidently deeply interested. His left hand rests on a table: his right on his knee, with the reader's laid upon it, and both the man's hands are strongly clenched as with energy of purpose. The legend beneath is: "It might be done and England should do it." Nelson's picture on the wall adds force to that strongly expressed conviction of a nation's duty. The painting attracted much notice when it first appeared in the large room at the Academy's exhibition, London, some thirteen or fourteen years ago. It was again placed on view in 1880, as one of a small but characteristic collection of the artist's works. The male figure is Edward John Trelawny, the companion of Shelley and Byron in their closing years, and whose name is also associated in literature with the names of Leigh Hunt and Godwin; of Rogers and Moore; of Murray the publisher and John Cam Hobhouse; of Jeremy Bentham and many more of the "great ones gone."

We are old enough to remember the stir that was caused in the world of letters on the first publication of his "Recollections," and can recall with what avidity we devoured a review of the work, with pretty copious quotations, that appeared in the pages of *Blackwood*. On its appearance years afterwards in a revised form it bore the title of "Records of Shelley, Byron and the Author." Reminiscences of a personal kind, such as those with which Mr. Moore has favoured us, add greatly

to the interest with which we contemplate our old book friends. They give a nearness and reality to what before was shadowy and distant.

By the way, some of the most important events in the history both of the old régime and British rule are directly or indirectly associated with literature. The first attempts at colonization by both French and English were connected with the names of poets—Marc Lescarbot, on the one hand, and Sir William Alexander, afterwards Earl of Stirling, on the other. The founder of Quebec wielded the pen as well as the sword and the tiller. The founder of Halifax had for secretary Cumberland the dramatist, namesake, nephew, and, in part (as to his literary treasures, especially), heir of the great Bentley. Another protégé of the Earl of Halifax was John Salusbury, father of Mrs. Thrale, afterwards Mrs. Piozzi, the friend and biographer of Dr. Johnson. John Salusbury came to Nova Scotia in the suite of Governor Cornwallis.

But perhaps the most interesting of all the associations of Canadian personages or events with literature is the rehearsal by Wolfe of certain stanzas from Gray's "Elegy" on the eve of the great victory which brought him death and undying renown.

Thus Dr. Parkman tells the story in his "Montcalm and Wolfe":

For full two hours the procession of boats, borne on the current, steared silently down the St. Lawrence. The stars were visible, but the night was moonless and sufficiently dark. The General was in one of the foremost boats and near him was a young midshipman, John Robison, afterwards professor of natural philosophy in the University of Edinburgh. He used to tell in his later life how Wolfe, with a low voice, repeated Gray's "Elegy in a Country Churchyard" to the officers about him. Among the rest was the verse which his own fate was soon to illustrate:

"The path of glory leads but to the grave."

"Gentlemen," he said, as his recital ended, "I would rather have written those lines than take Quebec." None were there to tell him the hero is greater than the poet.

Many a man and woman of letters have paid homage to Wolfe and his great foe on the scene of the struggle that proved fatal to them. Those who have made the pilgrimage during the last generation have found a *cicerone* as courteous and hospitable as accomplished in Mr. J. M. LeMoine, author of "Quebec, Past and Present," and "Picturesque Quebec." Nor in Mr. LeMoine's own residence, Spencer Grange, and its neighbourhood, as attractive for its natural beauty as for its historic associations, have they found the least charming features of their tour of inquiry.

And was not the Founder of Quebec a man of letters—the historian of his own great enterprises? The "Œuvres de Champlain," the edition of which published at Quebec in 1870, under the editorial supervision of the late Abbé Laverdière, is a credit to Canadian typography as well as learning, may surely be accepted as the great colonizer's title to that distinction. Champlain's name is brought before us by the renewal of a controversy which once set all the antiquaries of the ancient capital into a frenzy of perplexed conjecture. It has been revived by Dr. Harper, editor of the *Educational Record* of the Province of Quebec, who, in an able pamphlet, to which reference is made elsewhere, has summed up the chief points in the discussion as to where the founder's remains were laid, and added certain conclusions of his own.

We shall soon have a monument to Jacques Cartier. Mr. Harper pleads the claim of Quebec's Founder to a like honour. "Let us," he says, "raise to his memory something that shall really show that the enterprise which was born through him continues to live; something that men shall know of everywhere, and something that shall commemorate the realization of his great life dream, the pathway past Quebec that leads to China." And DeMaisonneuve? Some years ago M. l'Abbé Verreault appealed to the gratitude of Montrealers to mark (if nothing more) the spot, on which the Custom House now stands, where this great city had its beginning under the guiding mind of that great and good man. We would suggest that the erection of a fitting memorial to our founder be one of the leading ceremonies in the celebration of the 250th anniversary of the event in which DeMaisonneuve was the chief figure.



SKETCHES IN BRITISH COLUMBIA. (SERIES 2.)

By Mrs. Arthur Spragge.

1. The Columbia River at Donald, looking West.

2. The Columbia River, looking East, to Golden City.

CANOEING IN ONTARIO.



CANOE ASSOCIATION MEETING ON LAKE COUCHICHING.



THE CAMP ON HORSESHOE ISLAND, LAKE COUCHICHING.

ELUL.

Have I forgotten, Love,
Through all these years?
Did ever love forget
For time or tears?

THE PICTURE.

November. The day is dull and dreary, as November days often are. From a grey and cloudy sky a small fine rain descends at intervals, and a raw wind whirls the sodden leaves in the faces of the passers-by. There is an absence of warmth, of light and colour, everywhere without—within, too, in all but exceptional cases.

No. 9 D'Alembert street is not an exceptional case, and the single occupant of its front parlour is quite under the influence of the weather. She has been indoors all day, and for the past two days, for the dreary weather has held her prisoner thus long with a cold, which has just broken up, and the confinement is irksome. She watches the sky impatiently; the dripping trees, the sloppy pavement, the muddy streets, the damp-walled houses opposite, the vehicles rolling slowly or swiftly by, the pedestrians, with umbrellas held carefully over their heads, the stray, drenched dog trotting by, with drooping head and tail, and she wonders if the weather will ever clear, ever be fine again.

While she looks and wonders, the clouds part slowly, a tiny streak of sunshine struggles through the misty grey, blue rifts appear, the rain ceases to patter, the sparrow on the bough begins to chirp, the cock in the neighbouring yard to crow, the old gentleman passing the window transforms his umbrella into a walkingstick, nature smiles again—a melancholy smile, 'tis true, but still—a smile.

It is early in the afternoon. Miss Newall will take advantage of the change in the weather; she will go for a walk.

She dons her hat, her gloves, her warmest ulster, her rubbers, and sets out.

In twenty minutes' time, and without a forethought, for she has had no definite point in view, she finds herself in Phillips Square, and opposite the grey stone building, unadorned and inartistic externally, known as Montreal's Art Association.

Why should she not enter? It is Saturday, a free day, and she laughs to herself a little scornfully as she pushes open the door. There are few visitors. Montreal's great *hoi polloi* are slow to avail themselves of their privileges in this direction, and the day is unfavourable without, so she has the gallery pretty much to herself. There are pictures here and there that she has not seen before, and she scans them critically, for Miss Newall is somewhat of a connoisseur.

Here is one: No. — we shall call it, in the catalogue, a half-length in oils, the face and partial figure of a man thrown out upon a background of dusky green, that deepens into black—a man from whom, as the artist has depicted him, if you met him unawares at night in some disreputable quarter, where vice is rampant and where your unfamiliar feet were constrained unwillingly to stray, you would shrink instinctively. A dangerous character, you would say, and hurry rapidly on. There is frenzy almost in the wild, dark, upraised eye, the black and knitted brows, the forehead, on which the veins stand out like cords, the figure, whose very listlessness is defiance. How has the artist caught with inspired instantaneous—for you feel that it must have been instantaneous—brush the expression, the attitude? And, stranger still, by what subtle and mysterious power has he incorporated into them the positive and palpable suggestion of better things? For, while you look and shudder at the concentrated passion, the desperate abandonment, the helpless, but not the less unassenting misery, you acknowledge, in spite of it all, and through it all, the intangible divine. There is genius on the brow and in the eye, and the possibility of latent tenderness in the curves of the fast set mouth; of latent rectitude in every lineament of the face. This picture has brought a measure of fame to the artist. It is pronounced his best, and he has painted others that are good. Miss Newall has heard of it, and of the high price at which it has been purchased by a leading art patron, who permits it to be on view to the public for a time longer.

She has desired to see it and to judge of its merits for herself. But surely it moves her to a degree beyond its intrinsic and exceptional power. She starts and turns pale at the first sight of it, and stifles a cry, a gasp. The picture, the room, the surrounding objects, all swim before her sight, and she sinks upon a chair, faint and dizzy. It is only after a time, and by a strong effort, that she recovers herself and resumes her study. But it holds her with compelling force, this one picture, and for the remainder of her stay in the gallery she sees no other.

THE MODEL.

They were naturally proud of their boy, the master and mistress of the costly house on S—Street. He was their only child and had come to his father late in life, for the owner of the house was, as years count, an elderly man when he had married the widow of his early friend.

It was rather a romantic marriage, brought about by unusual and peculiar circumstances. The eminent banker was in the zenith of his financial prosperity when, one day, a woman, pale and tremulous, and labouring under an emotion which she struggled vainly to suppress, presented herself at his private office and delivered to him a letter, written in the faltering hand of a dying man.

They had drifted far apart, he and the writer, though once intimate friends. As boys they had gone through school and college together, and then their paths had diverged, his lying still in the new world of his birth, and his friend's opening out with fair prospects in the old land. But the one had climbed, by degrees, to the topmost round of the ladder of wealth, and the other had gradually lost ground and had died at last in poverty.

He had had not known until now that it was so, and the discovery pained him. It moved him deeply, also, that towards the close of his friend's life his thoughts had turned to him as a possible friend for the wife he was leaving behind—to him rather than to any other amongst his kindred or acquaintances. He would justify the trust reposed in him, he said. He would be a friend to the widow of his dead friend.

He had never married. He was not in any sense a woman-hater, but business and other dominant interests had hitherto monopolized his attention and left him little time, and still less inclination for love-making. It touched him strangely, now that timid, pleading look of this woman's eyes as she raised them to his face, and he said again that he would accept the responsibility, would be her friend.

Immediately he made provision for her comfort and support, and at the end of a year he married her. It seemed the most natural and simple outcome of their mutual relations. She was of a clinging, gentle, unobtrusively selfish nature, essentially dependent, affectionate, confiding. From the first she accepted his protection with a trustful acquiescence that pleased and flattered him; and gradually he found his kindly interest in her deepening, until at last he loved her, and thus the marriage came about.

They were happy, too, on the whole. They had ample means, position, friends, a luxurious home, and, crowning joy of all, a boy, the delight and pride of both their hearts. There were, as a matter of course, clouds in their sky. What sky is free from them? At times his nature demanded from her more than she was able to give: a strength of character, a grasp of mind in consonance with his own; and, failing to find it, he was disappointed and silently resentful. She could not follow him in his financial flights, and was even intolerant of their discussion in her presence, and peevish, perhaps, when they interfered with his unreserved devotion to herself and her plans for pleasure. But, on the whole, they were happy. The boy grew up, amidst his surroundings, from infancy to boyhood and early manhood; strong of will and limb, physically fair, intellectually bright; at school and college always among the first. Meanwhile the father's hair became white, his forehead more wrinkled, his figure bent. Time began to tell upon him visibly. Was it time alone? In a year his son would graduate.

No profession had yet been decided upon. The young man's own bent was towards literature, and

his father was not averse to this, provided always it were conjoined with something of a more practical character in a business way. In his own youth he had nourished awhile some fleeting fancies of the brain, and had even sent them forth into the world, "to try their luck"; but they had met with a cold reception and had come home to perish, and nothing remained of them now but his half-shamed remembrance. However, his son might win what he had lost. Let him try; but let him first choose a profession. It need not be business; the law or medicine would do equally well. Then, if letters failed him, this might succeed.

It was not exactly what Elul wished, though it was what he had brought himself to acquiesce in. He was young, ardent, full of fervid force and eloquence. He longed to express himself continually in written words. He had daring dreams; he aspired to be the poet, the author of his century—of Canada. He wrote and sent forth, secretly, his immature attempts. They were accepted, approved here and there. They brought him hope, if little else. But he was open to the convictions of reason, of duty, and he tried conscientiously to curb his winged steed and to work steadily on the lines laid down for him.

Matters stood thus at the date we have mentioned: the third year of his university course, the year before he should graduate. It was the beginning of April. The term was approaching its close; examinations were in progress. Every morning, before leaving home, results past or probable were discussed. Now it was the last day. He was feeling the strain intensely. The last paper was handed in and he left the college gate, relieved but depressed, taking his way homewards rather than to the mountain, to escape the companionship of some of his fellow students, who proposed a walk there.

It was not yet evening when he arrived and his father had not returned, but his mother was in the drawing-room receiving friends, and he passed up to his own room unnoticed. He flung himself down upon the sofa and presently dropt asleep. When he awoke it was after six o'clock, and he arose at once to prepare for dinner. His mother must have come into the room while he was asleep, for the curtain was drawn across the window so as partially to exclude the light. He heard now her step in the hall and her knock upon his door. He opened quickly. She was dressed for the evening. How he should always remember that dress, and just how she looked in it—a lustrous silk, whose dusky tones brought out perfectly the tints of her complexion; the lace, the ornaments, the flowers she wore. But her face was a little discontented, her voice slightly querulous.

"What can keep your father, Elul?" she began. "It is going on to seven, and we dine out to-night. I had forgotten to tell you—at the Thorpes. I have sent the carriage for him at last, a thing, you know, he hates; but what could I do? We shall be late, I fear, as it is."

There were footsteps, while she spoke, of people entering the house, and whispering voices below, and then a summons to Elul from a servant with a face of horror.

What need to dwell upon the scene? The master of the house had been found dead in his private office in the bank, but whether by wilful act of his own, in desperation of impending ruin, or by untimely accident, none could tell. An overdose of chloral—that was all. The house, the furniture, the pictures, the books that Elul had learned to consider essentially his, the costly *bric-a-brac*, the horses, the carriages, the country seat—in a few months' time all had been swept from their possession.

But worse still.

While the dead man had lain still unburied, on that most dreadful day, a crowd, that increased as the hours wore on, had assembled outside the closed doors of the bank, demanding, in threatening or despairing accents their own, their all; for to them this failure meant ruin.

Elul understood now much that had perplexed him hitherto. His father's anxiety that he should not be dependent upon literature alone; his dark hints of impending calamity; his consternation and

horror when an insurance company, in which he was a large policy holder, had failed; his irritability followed always by increasing tenderness to his mother; his fits of gloom and the frequent nervous headache and sleeplessness, to relieve which he had acquired the habit which had resulted fatally.

Elul must support his mother and himself now, for there was literally nothing left. He cast about for the ways and means, for the necessity was urgent. A friend of his father's, one who had lost heavily himself, but not all, offered him a post in his employment, and he accepted it at once. It was uncongenial in the highest degree. It involved the present sacrifice of his dearest hope, his prospective professional and literary career, but he did not hesitate. He worked at it steadily and tried to put his heart into the work.

Within a year his mother died and he was alone in the world. Naturally then his thoughts reverted to the old ambitions, and he said that he would, as far as might be, go back to the past, and, for youth is ever daring, in the golden future of his imagination he saw before him wealth that should be his and should redeem his father's name from dishonour. And there was a tenderer hope! It may be doubted if, in the calamity that had befallen him, his courage would not have sunk but for this.

In the old days he had admired, nay, loved, with a boy's pure love, a girl—a woman now—who had seemed to return his love. She was the daughter of his present employer, Zuleme—Miss Newall.

Their relations had changed, but they met still from time to time, and always with the old cordial warmth on her part, on his the worship. Still he believed in her implicitly. To doubt would have been to wrong her. He was yet ignorant of the world; he had the poet's faith.

Time passed. The fame came slowly, the wealth more slowly still. Attainment tarried. A cloud rose up between him and his beloved. She moved in the world of fashion, which he shunned. It was said now that she was engaged to a worldling, a society man, a worshipper of mammon.

He had passed his final examination and was entitled to write B. C. L. after his name. A sense of honour to his dead father had impelled him to do this; and a work on which he had long been engaged, and on which he had built high hopes, was seeking about for a publisher.

The rumour of her engagement reached him. He flung it from him, for his faith was large. Again he heard it, and again. Could it be?

He had no acknowledged claim upon her; he had never asked her to be his wife. How could he tell his future was assured? But, none the less, she was pledged to him; by tacit and unwritten word; by touches of the hand; by looks transmutable by him alone. Her parents, and essentially her mother, were worldly. From the first, after his changed circumstances, he had been sensible of an alteration in their manner, a gradual guarding, as it were, against too close an intimacy. It was natural, yet it stung him; nevertheless, he bore it for her sake.

He had seen her seldom of late, for his time had been much occupied. All his soul was being wrought into the work on which he was engaged. If it succeeded, then—!

The rumour, repeated often, began to chafe and worry him. What if there were foundation for it? The thought was madness. Reckless of prudence, he resolved to put his fate to the test. Circumstances favoured him. The next day, for the first time in weeks, he met her. She was walking alone, homewards, in the early evening, and he turned and walked with her—a little while, and all was over between them. Some trifling with the passionate earnestness of his appeal, some bitter words from him and cruel ones from her. If he had been patient it might have been different, but the limit of his endurance was passed.

There was no formal announcement of her betrothal, but it was known to all her friends and acquaintances. His rival was an Englishman, lately come to the city, with trans-Atlantic pretensions. He was, it was said, highly connected, the possible heir to estate and title in the near future. His means seemed ample. His appearance and address were those of a finished man of fashion. Society courted him and women envied him.

Elul wrote to her after their meeting. He sought an interview. It was denied him. He put himself in her way, but she was never alone. His book came back to him unsold. A fierce indignation took hold of him, a rebelling against his fate, then despair.

Miss Newall and her family were at the seaside; her betrothed was with them. It was the sultry season and Elul was still in the city. The heat was intolerable. He found it impossible to work. Scarcely would he have had the will, had the power remained, for he had lost hope. What he had never yet done he now began to do. He had resource to morphine to stimulate his flagging energies, or dull the mental pain that tortured him.

The result proved fatal. Rapidly he sank.

One night—it was in the following spring—a terrible temptation assailed him. He would take away his life, as his father, perhaps, had done.

He went out into the cool soft night. The moon was shining in a cloudless sky. The stars were all alight. One in particular he noticed, large, brilliant, calm, of sapphire hue; glittering, but restful. It looked down on him pityingly, as the eye of God might have done, and he could not bear the sight. He hurried on. By his side walked two angels—the one of life, the other of death.

* * * * *

Sauteris was an artist, working onwards through the difficulties that beset the path of genius. He could not yet be said to have acquired fame, but he was on the road to it.

Lately he had obtained an appointment on an illustrated paper for a series of sketches of a national character. They were to illustrate written descriptions, and the choice of writer, who should also be the companion of his journeyings, rested in some measure with himself. Instinctively his thoughts had turned to Elul, of whose early struggles he had known something. He came to the city to seek him and to offer him the post; but before they had met he had heard his story from many lips. What then must he do? Must he, too, abandon him as others had done? He would see him first—tomorrow.

He strolled out, as was his custom, sketchbook in hand, into the night.

Ah! That figure, wild, neglected, desperate, with upturned, daring eyes! In a moment he has transferred it to his paper. In the next he has recognized it, by some subtle intuition Heaven-sent; by the rapid movement of the hand across the brow—remembered now.

ZULEME.

Elul passed out of Miss Newall's life as completely as if the grave had closed over him.

Many had condemned her for his fate, which was generally laid at her door; but when he disappeared, and it was said that an old friend had taken him by the hand and was attempting to reclaim him, she heard nothing further. She asked no questions and people avoided the mention of his name in her presence.

If she was happy, if she had forgotten the past, it did not always seem so. There were times when a feverish restlessness took possession of her, followed by depression and indifference.

The preparations for her marriage went on, but the event itself lingered. People wondered at the delay and began to assign causes for it. It was said by some that Miss Newall was reluctant to resign her liberty, or that she was secretly fretting over Elul's fate. Others attributed it to her lover himself, and hinted at difficulties of a sordid nature, and whispered that until Zuleme's father should come forward with larger settlements than he was prepared for, the postponement must go on. Society was impatient, but its impatience did not hasten the event.

Time passed—two years. Zuleme's sisters married, settled and went away to homes of their own. Her lover went across the sea to England once, returned, went back again, and married the daughter of a millionaire manufacturer.

Zuleme saw him depart with scarcely a regret. Her pride was hurt, nothing more.

Her father failed and died, and then the common every-day drama was acted over again—from wealth to poverty.

She stands now before the picture in the Art Gallery, and the old love of her dead early girlhood revives within her breast with passionate bitter pain and longing. Has it ever died?

If she could but see him for one single moment of time; could but kneel at his feet and ask his forgiveness. Is he living or is he dead?

Could you come back to me, Douglas, Douglas,
In the old likeness that I knew,
I would be so faithful, so loving, Douglas,
Douglas, Douglas, tender and true.

The home in D'Alembert street is very quiet when she returns; only the sound of the children's voices in the street outside, or the wheels of a passing cab. There is no light, but the deepening twilight, for her mother is away visiting a married daughter, and Miss Newall's gas must be economized. The solitary servant meets her at the door with expressive gesture and whispered words of warning, but Zuleme fails to catch them.

A figure is standing in the room. It moves towards her as she enters, takes her hand.

"Zuleme!"

"O God, the bliss, the rapture!"

They sit there all unheeding of the moments, while the story of each of their lives, since the time they parted, is told. Zuleme has taken off her hat, her ulster, and the gas is lit, the tea is served.

It had gone well with Elul after that terrible night when Sauteris had met him and had snatched him from his threatened doom.

Canada had heard often of Sauteris in the passing years. Pictures had come from him from time to time, from railway car and camp in the far Northwest, and lately from an atelier in Paris. His native city had grown proud of her wandering R. C. A.

But of Elul she knew nothing.

He worked with a purpose after the first, when his moral health and physical strength began to return—a determined purpose to reward Sauteris' generosity. The horrors of the fate from which he had rescued him, the magnitude of the crime and Sauteris' magnanimity at once appalled and impelled him. But he worked *sub rosa*, in other lands and other a new name, until the end was achieved.

Zuleme had been always in his thoughts. Through Sauteris he had heard what had befallen her; and now, in defiance of Sauteris' good-natured raillery and playful cynicism he had come back to seek her.

"I am not wealthy, dear," he pleaded, as they sat together in the heaven of restored confidence—"probably shall never be, for there will still be my father's name to clear where it can be done, but you will not send me away again, or—you will come with me?"

And Zuleme's cheek had flushed a rosy red and her voice had faltered.

"Oh, Elul, I am so changed—these grey hairs."

But Elul had looked in her face a moment and, for answer, had lifted a curling tress from her brow and, twining it round his finger, had kissed it.

EROL GERVASE.

RETURNINGS.

Though dark and far the sun at night
And chilly stars the lonely light,
How swift the breaking beams arise
With gorgeous hues to deck the skies!

The fairest flowers that glad the eye
Beneath the darts of winter die,
Beneath the kindly kiss of spring
Their maiden blushes back they bring.

The birds whose rapid-beating wing
Sought more congenial clime to sing,
Again o'er perfumed meadows fleet
To fill the air with warbling sweet.

Though the frail barque with sails outspread
Hath with thy lonely lover sped,
Thy sighs like wintry night shall flee
When vernal morns shall bring him thee.

ACUS.

PERTINENT INQUIRIES.—Is "cheap" food the cheapest? Do diamonds and dime novels go well together? Is not a secret safer with one than with half a dozen? Which is the worst—to be worried by fortune or misfortune? Is it not better to wait until the day is done before boasting of its achievements? Does not he who picks a quarrel sometimes find the sore on his own person which the "picking" made?



CHOPPERS' CAMP IN THE SPRUCE BUSH, 10 MILES S. W. OF CARBERRY, MAN.

From a photo. by Davidson.



ON THE BEACH.

From the painting by W. Kray.
Photo. supplied by G. F. Macrae, Toronto, Director for Canada of the Soule Photograph Company.

OUR WILD WESTLAND.

POINTS ON THE PACIFIC PROVINCE.

(BY MRS. ARTHUR SPRAGGE.)

THE MOSQUITO: SOME ACCOUNT OF ITS ORIGIN;
REMEDIES: OUT-OF-DOOR LIFE IN BRITISH
COLUMBIA: PECULIARITIES OF CLIMATE AND
VEGETATION: THE BEST TOURIST SEASON;
FOREST FIRES IN THE MOUNTAINS.

II.

The course of my daily life at Donald was somewhat monotonous, owing to the summer heat and the British Columbia mosquitoes, which conspire to destroy the peace and happiness of the unfortunate resident during the months of June, July and August, in a way that must be felt to be appreciated. An ancient account of the Pacific Province, published by one of its discoverers in the beginning of this century, sets forth, "that parts of the mainland are uninhabitable by man or beast, owing to the prevalence of swarms of noxious insects called 'Moskeeters.'" That elderly adventurer wrote wisely; and he had not penetrated into the interior of the country or he would have endorsed, with me, the testimony which two clever Englishmen gave last year, in print, to the persecution of that most pestilential fly:—"People at home, they say, read of sandflies, *Cingalese*, beetles, stinging ants, mosquitoes and the like, and the fashion is to treat all such matters, more or less, as jokes, and to affect merriment at the idea of getting well bitten by any of them, but the truth is that there is no misery on earth equal to a really bad attack of these demons. We all thought we had seen mosquitoes before, in Norway, in India and in the States, but until now we knew nothing—absolutely nothing—of the concentrated essence of torture that they are capable of inflicting when you invade their real home."

This pathetic description is written of a certain district on the Columbia river, about fifty miles from Donald, where the unfortunate authors had the pleasure of camping. Farther on in their most amusing book, "B. C. in 1887," they account for the mosquito's presence in the province by a parody on "Hiawatha," which is so appropriate and humorous it is well worth reproducing:

You shall hear how Hiawatha
Came into the Rocky Mountains,
Came to place upon the mountains
All the kinds of birds and insects.

All the creatures, as he freed them,
Skipped and frisked about the mountain,
Gambolled all about the mountain,
But the mountain ram, the Bighorn,
Took a very mean advantage
When he saw that Hiawatha
Was employed with other matters
Not attending to the Bighorn:
Swift he came at Hiawatha,
Butted him with both his Big horns
Just below his manly bosom
In the middle of his waistcoat—
Of his best embroidered waistcoat.

Not a word said Hiawatha,
But he sat down very quickly,
With one little gasp and guggle,
Sat down with a sickly spasm
On a paper bag of insects,
On a busted bag of skeeters,
And Suggema, the mosquito,
Left the paper bag in fragments,
Scooted off into the forests,
Went rejoicing to the forests—
To the forests, dark and dreary,
Of the Western Province, B. C.,
Every blooming last mosquito
Went into the B. C. forests.
None were left for Hiawatha
To set free in other countries.

But the bugs, the Norfolk Howards,
And the fleas, the merry jumpers,
And the rattlesnakes, the reptiles,

Still were kept by Hiawatha;
None of them he loosed in B. C.,
Took them all away from B. C.,
Saying: There's enough already,
Misery enough and cussing
With Suggema the mosquito,
With that darned, blank, blamed mosquito.

Further comment on the insect would seem superfluous. Still, for the benefit of that class which is ever prompt to suggest remedies for all the ills and troubles of humanity, and to say, why don't you use this, that and the other antidote, I will add, that it

is eminently satisfactory to theorize in the abstract, away from the scene of evil, about nets, and ointments, and washes of all kinds. The first mentioned are unbearable in the hot summer months, when every breath of cool air is in demand; for the last, no one, even with the courage of their opinions, wishes to make himself obnoxious to his fellow creatures as a perambulating drug-shop. It is out of doors, it will be remembered, that the pest is unavoidable, and the utter destruction of all open-air life amid mountains and pine woods, where picnics and parties of all kinds might be so enjoyable in the long days and cool afternoons, is the particular aggravation of nearly every district in the province, except Banff, which escapes, owing to its altitude, and the coast, owing to its briny atmosphere, which disagrees with Suggema. Every individual at Donald walks about in the summer, either beating the air with small branches of evergreen, or else moving his hands in a gentle rotary motion round the back of his neck, a habit that becomes so mechanical with men that it is often continued long after the mosquito has departed. The sufferings of the tortured townspeople are apparent in the evenings from a low cloud of white smoke, from individual smudges, hanging over the main street like a pall. Through personal experience I can recommend continued exercise in British Columbia with the head enveloped in the bag-like mosquito net, confined either in the patent balloon shape, with radiating ribs, attached to a brass dog-collar round the neck, fastening with a catch beneath the chin, or in the simpler form of bag applied with an elastic round the hat and another round the neck, as a suitable penance for the hardest sinner in the hot weather. Such contrivances may be suitable for shooting or fishing expeditions in the backwoods, but they are not adopted, even in semi-civilization, probably because the remedy is almost as bad as the disease.

A judicious netting of doors, windows and beds ensures a fair amount of comfort in the house; but who cares to patronize a house in a fine climate in the summer months, and who will not pine for the impossible enjoyment of a verandah and a hammock under the pine trees?

Heat, dust and mosquitoes are serious drawbacks to the Columbia Valley during the three summer months as I found to my cost; the heat, however, is mitigated by the fact that it only lasts in torrid fervour from eleven to four. As soon as the sun begins to descend behind the Selkirks he rapidly drops out of sight, and a perceptible coolness creeps over Donald, developing by dark into such decided chilliness that blankets at night as well as closed doors and windows are very acceptable. There must often be a difference of at least 30 degrees in temperature between midday and midnight at mid-summer. One peculiarity that impressed me particularly in 1886 was the intense stillness of nature. Day after day went by and no gentlest of breezes stirred the pines. The quiet and stillness which prevailed without rustle of leaf or song of bird were peculiarly oppressive, and always seemed to herald some approaching calamity, so that I often sighed for a little circulation of air through the valley. The freedom of this mountainous region from the storms invariably associated with such localities was another surprising fact. There were not more than two or three thunder-storms during that whole summer, and none of these in the immediate neighbourhood. Only one semblance of the phenomenal disturbances of nature I had read about and anticipated occurred; this was a mild little cyclone which began one silent afternoon with a crashing noise in the Selkirk range, close to our house, like the quick discharge of cannon, and was caused by the uprooting of falling trees in some forest belt high on the mountain side. About us not a leaf stirred; until some minutes later, when the storm, or fortunately only the edges of it, struck the valley, bending the tall young pines like reeds, while clouds of dust rolled up from the town, veiling every object in a mysterious half light. The trees about us were only partially thinned and protected each other, but further off on the top of the bank, above the flat (the western boundary of Quality Hill), where they were exposed to the fury of the tempest, some dozen or more went down like nine pins,

doing, luckily, no damage beyond blocking up the waggon road.

"The summer of 1886 was an extraordinarily dry one," I was assured. Certainly during the three months I spent in British Columbia there were but three showers of rain, and only one of these deserved more than that name; consequently the dust was deep and the vegetation scanty. The soil about Donald is naturally sandy, and the herbage not luxuriant cropping up in detached masses over the ground in the characteristic tufts of the bunch grass country. Wild strawberries are abundant throughout June, and all the other berries that grow in their summer order, but the gathering of them falls upon the householder, as no itinerant vendor of wild fruit with his pail or basket seeks patronage in the west, and it is a perfect penance owing to the booming mosquito also in season.

Every particle of foliage on the ground dons long before the autumn proper a livery that rivals the gorgeous tints of maples and oaks. The leaves of the wild strawberry glow with ruddy colour, and all through the woods a plant grew that year on a single stalk a foot high without fruit or flower in sprays like rose leaves, rivalling the Virginia creeper in richness of hue, splashing the ground beneath the dark pines with brilliant blots of crimson and gold. One peculiarity of the mountain flora is its endless variety; flowers that appear one year disappear the next, and are replaced by other different species. For instance, I have not seen that most effective foliage plant just described for the last two summers. In 1888 wild roses and Michaelmas daisies, flowers I had not previously remarked, abounded in profusion. Indeed, the past summer was essentially flowery for some reason or other. When I reached Donald early in May the ground was carpeted with violets of every shade, from heliotrope to the deepest purple. These were followed by wild roses, tiny dwarf bushes, ranging in colour from pale pink to maroon, to which succeeded wild sunflowers, cone flowers, orange lilies—growing only on the bank of the Columbia, and Michaelmas daisies of two varieties, which survived dust and drouth, and endured bravely up to the early frosts in September. The Oregon grape, known better in the East as the mahonia, offers a beautiful contrast to the bright hues that fleck the ground, with its low masses of glossy bright leaves and dark blue berries. It grows profusely in every locality, and is an eminently early plant, quite independent naturally of the straw winter coverings to which it is generally treated in civilization.

Nature is oddly reversed in the Columbia valley. Under foot is the glow of colour; overhead the sombre greens of pines and firs indigenous to the soil, their dark lines broken on the mountain sides by a scattered growth of poplar with its graceful birch-like foliage, which in the autumn makes every wooded height radiant with waves of molten gold.

One most evil result of the dryness of British Columbia summers is the prevalence of bush fires which rage generally during the month of August and spread rapidly throughout the mountains, destroying acres of valuable timber and totally obscuring the scenery by clouds of dense smoke from the disappointed tourist. In 1888 the whole of the province, from the Rockies to the coast, was an admirable illustration of the infernal regions. The sultry heat engendered by the numerous fires and thick heavy atmosphere was almost unendurable, and a certain journey I undertook to Victoria in the end of August lingers in my memory like a nightmare. The extraordinarily cool nights of the mountain districts, with their invigorating freshness, were gone, and the atmosphere seemed so thoroughly roasted there was no apparent difference between midday and midnight. Far up the side of every rocky height and water-worn gulch pine woods were aflame, single trees sometimes, like beacons, and again groups and masses of solid forest, burning like walls of fire. The whole Fraser canyon was a chapter of Dante's Inferno; its most inaccessible crags were tipped with wandering fiery points, zigzagging up and down, as if some monstrous torchlight procession were scaling its precipices, while lower down great beds of burning timber suggested the destruction of some mountain town, and the smoke and dust everywhere were positively

stiffing. Let the tourist beware of the month of August for a transcontinental trip. It is the custom in British Columbia to blame the C.P.R. for the ravages of these forest fires, whose origin is scientifically traced to the floating spark of the fiery engine. Its contribution to the conflagration is in my opinion a light one, not in the jocular sense of the word only. Dozens of these fires break out far above the line, and in a climate as dry as that of the Pacific Province in the summer months a flash of lightning or even the friction of a couple of branches will produce the tiny flame that may ignite thousands of acres and convert a green mountain side into a desolate area of blackened tangled poles. The effect of the smoke about Donald is incredible. A cloud of it will roll down like a curtain, and no traveller could be induced to believe there is a mountain in the neighborhood. Then suddenly one day a gentle zephyr rises, and, presto! there was a transformation scene no pantomime, however well organized, could rival; sky and smoke melt into one another and soft ragged fleeces of vapour sweep slowly away over the tops of the everlasting hills which guard the Columbia valley.

THE CHARGE OF THE BLACK BRUNSWICKERS.

BATTLE OF LEIPSIK: OCTOBER 16-19, 1813.

I.

The cause of freedom saving
By death and danger braving,
At Leipsic we drew sword
What time the battle roar'd
Hurrah!

II.

Whilst bursting shells tore shrieking
Through ranks with blood a-reeking;
In ringing tones and clear
Spoke out our Brigadier—
Hurrah!

III.

"We who so oft as bidden
To battlefield have ridden,
We'll make the tyrant fly
Or sword in hand we'll die
Hurrah!"

IV.

With battle-thunder crashing,
With guns their deathfire flashing,
It was our country's right
To call us to the fight,—
Hurrah!

V.

Our steeds were proudly prancing,
Swords all in sunlight glancing;
"For Fatherland the aid
Of our old Black Brigade,—
Hurrah!"

VI.

Our serried ranks were steady,
Though hardly held, and ready,
Like eagles in their stoop,
Down on the foe to swoop,—
Hurrah!

VII.

Then pealed a trumpet calling
Us with its voice enthralling
To fight the foe again,
And quit ourselves like men,
Hurrah!

VIII.

Scarce had its last note sounded—
Forward our chargers bounded;
Pealing afar and near
Thundered a mighty cheer,—
Hurrah!

IX.

We shook the ground with thunder,
We burst their ranks asunder,
And rent the very sky
With victory's battle-cry,—
Hurrah!

X.

We charge for death or glory;
Our name is writ in story;
Honour that ne'er shall fade
Covers our Black Brigade,—
Hurrah!

W. W.



Of histories of Canada in French we have no lack. The first explorers, colonizers and missionaries were their own historians, so that, as settlement advanced, the record of it kept pace with its growth. Charlevoix, therefore, when he undertook to write the story of New France, had, in addition to his own experience, a number of valuable works composed by successive writers in the times to which they related. The language in which he announced his intention was certainly not hopeful. The progress neither of colonization nor of missions had, in his opinion, fulfilled the hopes of those who had engaged in those tasks, and his chief aim was to show the causes of the failure. The *Journal Historique* is not the least entertaining and instructive part of the *Histoire et Description Générale*. It is often, indeed, a surprise to find how accurate are the topography and maps of Charlevoix, when compared with the results of modern and, what we should naturally consider, more exhaustive examination. Charlevoix remained for more than a hundred years without a rival, for as his successor, Garneau, says, in the preface to the third edition (1859) of his *Histoire du Canada*, we cannot regard as histories all the books that bear the name, some of which are merely travellers' tales. William Smith, whose two volumes are now rare, did, indeed, intervene between Charlevoix and Garneau, and Mr. J. F. Perrault wrote, in French, a manual for schools. But when Garneau set himself to his task, there was a most important portion of our later annals that had as yet practically found no historian. Bell's translation placed Garneau's researches within reach of the English-speaking public, and for a generation it was in common use with both sections of our public. But, as time passed, the story of Canada under the Union, and of Canada since Confederation, remained unwritten. Macmullen ended, at the year 1855, his one-volume history, now brought down, in a later edition, nearly to our own time. The works of Withrow, and Bryce in English, and of Sulte in French, also cover the whole period, down to the date of publication, as do several school histories, such as those of Miles, Hodgins, Jeffers and Archer. Meanwhile some important additions had been made to the list of works treating of special periods, or of one or other of the provinces. Some, like M. l'Abbé Ferland's excellent contribution, covered the whole of the Old Regime; others, like Faillon's *Histoire de la Colonie Française* (left incomplete by the author's death), were less comprehensive in design or in execution. It is not our intention at present to say anything of the merits, intrinsic or comparative, of the foregoing works. Our object is simply to show how much has been accomplished of late years in a field so long untouched, by way of introduction to some brief mention of an important work now in course of publication. The "History of Canada," by William Kingsford, is certainly the most ambitious attempt yet made by any English writer (save Parkman) to treat *in extenso* and with due regard to recent discovery and criticism, of the rule of France in the New World, from the earliest French voyage to the English Conquest, and of the rule of Great Britain, from 1760 till the establishment of the federal system and on to the present time. "It will be my endeavour," writes Mr. Kingsford, in his opening chapter, "with what power I possess, to trace the history of British rule in Canada since its Conquest from the French, and to relate, to the best of my humble ability, the series of events which have led to the present constitution under which the Dominion is governed. . . . I will make every effort to be fair and honest, and those with whom I may have the misfortune to differ will, I hope, recognize that I have consulted original authorities, and that whatever opinions I express are not hastily or groundlessly formed; but that, on the contrary, I have warrant for the belief that they are fully sustained by evidence." No principle could be more trustworthy for the guidance of a historian than that which Mr. Kingsford here adopts as his rule. We cannot unreservedly approve of some remarks preceding the sentence just quoted. "Most of us," says Mr. Kingsford, "inherit a tone of thought, which colours our opinions, and which creates and confirms our prejudices. Moreover, I cannot escape the unpleasant feeling of knowing (consciously) that I must say much which will be antagonistic to that which to-day is believed by many." If the author means to urge his own mental, moral or religious inheritance as an excuse for his method of dealing with questions of history, we must pronounce the excuse utterly invalid. It is a historian's duty to overcome such inherited pre-judgments. From what follows, indeed, we take it for granted that Mr. Kingsford is referring to the inherited prejudices of his readers, not his own. Of course, the work itself should make that clear. That Mr. Kingsford has consulted many sources of knowledge, and given long and careful thought to every page in his history, we do not doubt. Nevertheless, that some of his conclusions should be called in question was only to be expected, from prevailing differences of opinion and from the fact that in an age of research, such as ours, fresh light is constantly being shed on points hitherto obscure. As yet only two volumes of Kingsford's History have made their appearance. The first brings the narrative down to the "foundation of Louisiana" by La Salle, in 1682; the second closes with the death of M. de Vaudreuil, the Governor, in 1725. If Mr. Kingsford carries out his purpose of

bringing the history down to the present, we may look for at least four more volumes. Sulte's *Histoire des Canadiens-Français* fills eight volumes. We hope to have more to say of this meritorious work when the third volume, which will conclude the story of the Old Regime, has been issued.

At the close of his first Book (Vol. I., p. 131), Mr. Kingsford, having come to the termination of Champlain's career, naturally adds something touching the spot which was the hallowed receptacle of his remains. He bases his conclusion as to the locality in question (though with evident suspicion that it is only a hypothesis or theory) on the pamphlet published by Abbé Laverdière and Casgrain in 1867. Strange to say, Mr. Kingsford makes no allusion to the article contributed to *L'Opinion Publique*, nine years later, by Abbé Casgrain (his colleague in the pamphlet having died, universally regretted, in 1867), in which he surveyed the question from a wholly different standpoint, the ground for the change being a document, up to that time (1875) unpublished. In 1880 another contribution was made to the discussion by Dr. W. E. Dionne in his *Études Historiques*, which obtained the prize offered by the late Comte de Premio Real. And now we have before us a pamphlet in which Dr. Harper, editor of the *Educational Record*, reviews the whole controversy, and, after a careful examination of the entire field of research, reaches conclusions different from those of any of his predecessors. In placing before English readers the various stages of the controversy from that November morning in the closing year of the Union régime when antiquarian and literary Quebec was stirred by the announcement that the tomb of the city's founder had been discovered, to the present year, Dr. Harper has conferred a service on the cause of historical inquiry, for which we are duly grateful to him. He does justice to M. Stanislas Drapeau, so ruthlessly belaboured by the late ex-Governor of Manitoba, then editor of *Le Journal de Québec*, allowing him his share in stimulating the investigation; gives a piquant sketch of the antiquaries' quarrel; indicates to what extent the able author of the *Études sur la Colonisation* had suggested the first conclusion of the learned abbés; does credit to the candour with which Abbé Casgrain acknowledged his first mistake when the Historical Society of Boston drew attention to the untenableness of his view; and, finally, with the documents, on which that learned writer based his retraction in his hand, Dr. Harper applies himself *de novo*, and with unbiassed mind, to the task of ascertaining, if possible, where the remains of Samuel de Champlain had been originally laid in a tomb all by itself (*sépulchre particulier*). What then is "the end of the whole matter," in Dr. Harper's judgment? "There can," he writes, "be little doubt that he was buried in the cemetery near at hand to the parish church, the *Cimetière de la Montagne*, which was laid off on the slope of the hill near the site where till lately stood the Parliament Buildings." The *Chapelle de Champlain*, which, he thinks, was built by Governor de Montmagny in 1636, was destroyed by fire on the 14th of June, 1640, as well as the Jesuits' *Presbytère*, and the *Chapelle de la Reconnaissance*. The latter took fire from the *Presbytère* and Champlain's chapel from the combined conflagration, and if we only knew in what direction the wind blew at that time we would know where this last edifice stood. Now, on the 18th of December, 1850, while workmen were removing the remains of the old *édifice*, in order to improve the Parliament buildings, "they came upon a tomb which had evidently been, at the time of its construction, carefully built with solid masonry, and which at the time the workmen exposed it contained some human remains. This tomb, in my opinion," continues Dr. Harper, "was none other than the *sépulchre particulier* in which the remains of Samuel de Champlain were deposited in 1635." At this triumphant stage we must leave this interesting pamphlet, which we are happy to welcome among the ever-increasing contributions to Canadian historical research.

We have to acknowledge the receipt from the publisher, Mr. J. Theo. Robinson, of this city, copies of the authorized edition of two new and interesting novels by Amélie Rives—"A Brother to Dragons and the Furrier Lass of Piping Peabworth" (25 cents), and "Virginia of Virginia" (30 cents). We have also received from the National Publishing Company, Toronto, "The Witness of the Sun," by the same author.

HUMOUROUS.

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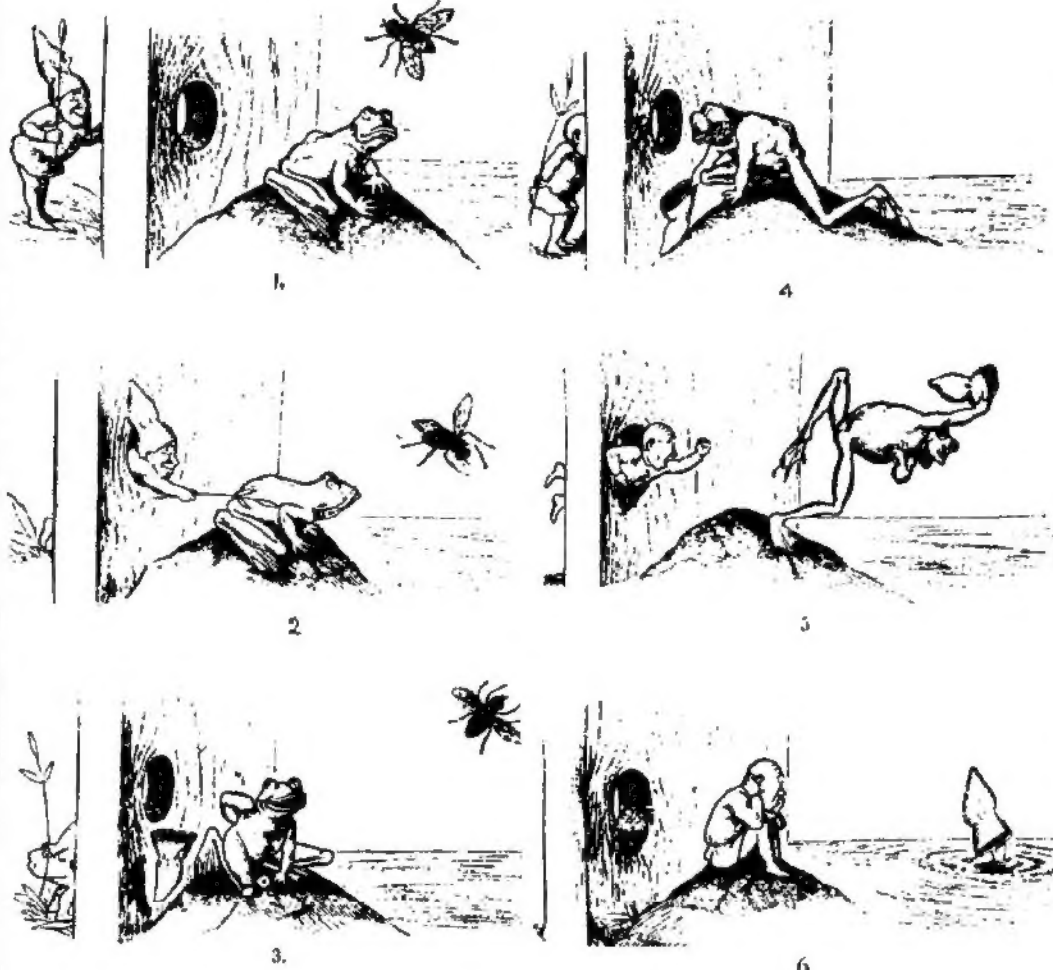
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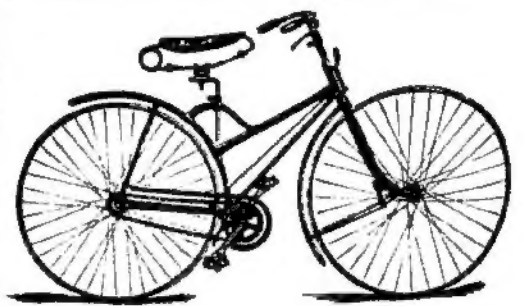
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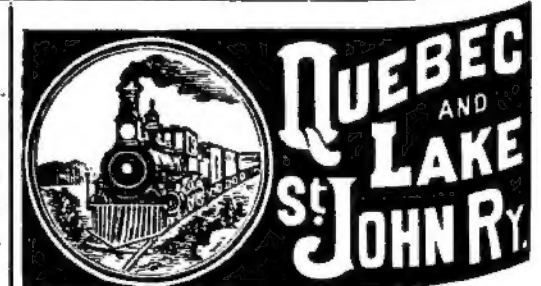
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